

Very near us stood the rounded top of the other peak, looking like a sullen sentinel for its neighbor.

6. We paused in silence for a time. It was more hazy than at the time of my last visit, but not enough so to destroy the interest of the scene. There was almost a sense of pain at the stillness which seemed to reign. We could hear the flapping of the wings of the hawks and buzzards, as they gathered new impetus after sailing through one of their circles in the air below us.

7. North of us, and on the other side of the Valley of Virginia were the mountains near Lexington, just as seen from that beautiful village—the Jump, North, and House mountains succeeding each other. Further on down the valley, and at a great distance, was the top of a large mountain, which was thought to be the great North mountain away down in Shenandoah county—I am afraid to say how far off. Intermediate between these mountains, and extending opposite and far above us, was the Valley of Virginia, with its numerous and highly cultivated farms.

8. Across this valley, and in the distance, lay the remotest ranges of the Alleghany and the mountains about and beyond the White Sulphur Springs. Turning toward the direction of our morning ride, we had beneath us Bedford county with its smaller mountains, farms, and farm-houses; the beautiful village of Liberty, the county roads, and occasionally a mill-pond reflecting the sun like a sheet of polished silver.

9. It is said that John Randolph once spent the night on these elevated rocks, attended by no one but his servant and that when in the morning he had witnessed the sun rising over the majestic scene, he turned to his servant having no other to whom he could express his thoughts, and charged him, “never from that time to believe any one who told him there was no God.”

SO. LIT. MESSENGER.